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Funeral of His late Majesty, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



Funeral of King George the Fourth.

(Concluded from page 104.)

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE annexed Engravings complete our promised illustrations of the obsequies of his late Majesty; and the accompanying details will conclude the historical record of the pageant. First, is the remainder of the Earl Marshal's official account:—

At the entrance of the Chapel the Royal Body was received by the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the Choirs of Windsor and of the Chapel Royal, (who fell in immediately before Norroy King of Arms,) and the Procession moved down the south aisle and up the nave, into the Choir, where the Royal Body was placed on a platform under a Canopy of purple velvet (having thereon escutcheons of the Royal Arms* and surmounted by an Imperial Crown,) and the Crowns and Cushions were laid upon the Coffin.

His Majesty, the Chief Mourner, sat on a Chair of State, at the head of the corpse, and the supporters stood on each side.

Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, were seated near his Majesty, the Chief Mourner.

The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household took his place at the feet of the corpse, and the Supporters and Assistant Supporters of the Pall and of the Canopy arranged themselves on each side of the Royal Body.

The Peers, assistants to the Chief Mourner, arranged themselves behind the Princes of the Blood Royal.

The Peers bearing the Banners were placed on each side below the Altar.

During the Service the Knights of the Garter present occupied their respective stalls, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington, who bore the Sword of State, the Duke of Beaufort, one of the Supporters to the Chief Mourner, and the Peers who supported the Pall.

The Ministers of State, the Great Officers of the Household, the Nobility, Bishops, Privy Councillors, Judges, and Law Officers, were placed in the vacant and intermediate stalls, and in the lower seats on each side of the Choir. The Grooms of the Bedchamber, Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, Equerries, and others, composing the

Procession, were arranged on each side of the Altar, on which was placed the Gold Plate of the Chapels Royal.

The part of the Service before the interment and the Anthem being performed, the Royal Body was deposited in the vault, and, the Service being concluded, his Majesty, the Chief Mourner, was conducted from the Choir to the Chapter Room of the Chapel, preceded by the Sword of State.* After a short pause Sir George Nayler, Garter Principal King of Arms, pronounced near the grave the styles of his late most Sacred Majesty, of blessed memory, as follow:—

Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life, unto His Divine Mercy, the late Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Monarch, George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

"Let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless and preserve with long life, health, and honour, and all worldly happiness, the Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Monarch, Our Sovereign Lord William the Fourth, now, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

"God save King William the Fourth."

After which the Marquess of Conyngham, Lord Steward of the Household to his late Majesty, and the other Officers of his late Majesty's Household, broke their Staves of Office, and kneeling near the grave, deposited the same in the Royal Vault; whereupon their Royal Highnesses the Princes of the Blood Royal, the Great Officers of State, No-

* Soon after the King was seated, the 39th and 90th Psalms were sung; after which, the Dean of Windsor read the Lesson; and the first anthem, "Hear my Prayer," by Kent, was sung; and afterwards, immediately before the Collect, "O, merciful God!" the second anthem, by Handel, the "Dead March in Saul," followed. The Dean of Windsor read the first part of the service from the altar, and the conclusion from the right side of the vault. The performance of the psalms and anthems lasted nearly two hours. The fine anthem of "His body is buried in peace" was then chanted.

* There were no escutcheons on the canopy; but ten on the pall.—Ed.

bility, and others who had composed the Procession retired.

The Knights of the several Orders, present on the occasion, wore their respective Collars, with white rosettes. In pursuance of his Majesty's order, the Great Officers of State, his Majesty's Ministers, and the Officers of the Royal Household, appeared in their State Uniforms, with black waistcoats, breeches, stockings, and buckles, uniform swords, with crape and black feathers in their hats. The Officers of the Army and Navy appeared in full dress Uniforms, with the mourning directed to be worn by them at Court. The Bishops appeared in their Rochets; the Peers, eldest sons of Peers, Privy Councillors, and others, not included in the Royal Order, appeared in full dress black.

The Procession, from the Royal Apartments to the Choir of St. George's Chapel, was flanked by the Grenadiers of the Foot Guards, every fourth man bearing a flambeau.

From four o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening, guns were fired at intervals of five minutes, and from nine o'clock until the conclusion of the ceremony minute guns were fired.

NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

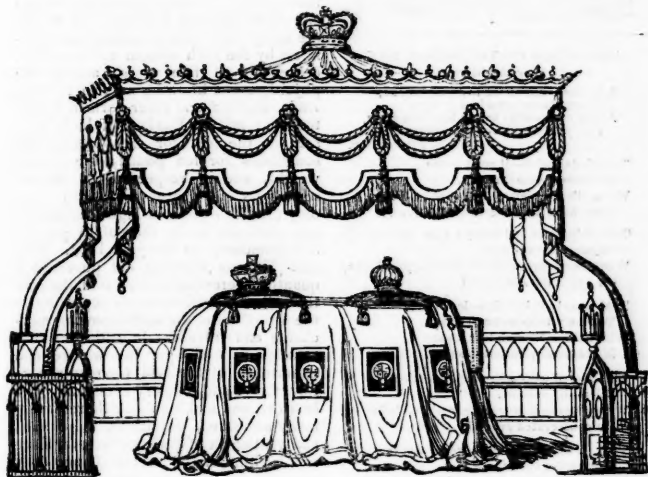
Earl Marshal's Office, July 19, 1830.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to express the highest approbation of all the arrangements made on this solemn occasion, and of the manner in which the whole ceremony was conducted.

NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

The previous Engraving explains the ceremony within the choir of St George's Chapel, and exhibits the fine architecture of the edifice to considerable advantage.

The subsequent Cuts exhibit more amply a few of the sad paraphernalia, the beauty of which could not be distinctly shown in the Engraving of the Choir.



The *first* Cut is the Canopy erected over the opening to the royal vault, beneath which is the splendid coffin, pall, &c. as before described in the official account. This canopy is of rich purple velvet, draped with black silk cord, fringe, &c. It is supported upon iron stanchions across the aisle, and will occupy this station till the termination of the Court Mourning.

The *second* represents one of each of the pairs of Candelabra, removed from the altars of Whitehall Chapel, the German Chapel of St. James's, and St. George's Chapel. They were used at the Lying-in-State ceremony, and are described at page 83. These are of silver-gilt, of the richest chased workmanship, as the Cut implies; and they were subsequently removed to the com-

munion table of the Chapel, where the display of plate was very costly.



THE VOICE OF THE LOVED ONE.

(For the Mirror.)

Like the voice of the evening breeze,
When the autumn leaf it stirs,
And a murmuring music is on the trees,
Oh! just such a voice was hers.

E. FITZGERALD.

THAT festal voice—it sung to me
Of far enchanted bow'rs,
Where Fancy view'd the sapphire sky,
From haunts that teem'd with flow'rs.

That holy voice had many a tale
Of other days to tell;
When our hearts bloom'd like purple clouds,
On which the sunset fell.

That homely voice—it welcom'd me
To lonely trees and streams,
Where thine Elysian lute dissolv'd
My cares in pleasant dreams.

That sacred voice—its music breath'd
Solemnity around;
Where Memory grac'd the tombs with flow'rs,
On consecrated ground.

That passion-voice—its burning words
Convey'd a spell to me,
When softly gleam'd the twilight-star
Beyond the distant sea.

That mournful voice—it lov'd to wail
O'er hearts whom Death had riven,
Where violets balm'd the turf with tears,
Like incense wept by heaven.

But I shall hear that voice no more
Around my spirit shed;
Nor deem the stars like thy blue eyes,
For thou art with the dead!

R. AUGUSTINE.

GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE— EARLY USE OF TEA, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following statement may not be unwelcome to your readers, since it will make them acquainted with the oldest establishment in London for the vending of *tea*, in leaf and in liquid, as well as *coffee* and *chocolate*.

I have lately had the perusal of a printed leaf of large paper, being a shop-bill of *Thomas Garway*, of Exchange Alley, near the Royal Exchange, in London, tobacconist, and seller and retailer of tea and coffee, published about 1657; which T. G. was also a tobacconist, professing to sell *tea* in leaf and drink; he also vend'd *chocolate* as well as the previously named articles. He is presumed to have been the original occupier of the house now called "*Garraway's coffee-house*."

The bill expresses—after an enumeration of the virtues of tea being reckoned good for thirteen complaints of the human system—"And that for the virtues and excellencies of this leaf and drink, are many and great, is evident and manifest by the high esteem and use of it, (especially of late years) among the physitians and knowing men in *France, Italy, Holland*, and other parts of Christendom; and in England it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as *regalia* in high treatments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said *Thomas Garway* did purchase a quantity thereof and first sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into the eastern countries. And upon knowledge and experience of the said *Garway's* continued care and industry in obtaining the best *tea*, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physitians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange Alley, aforesaid, to drink thereof."

Also another extract may be important:—

"And that neither ignorance nor envy may have power to report or suggest what is here asserted of the virtues and excellencies of this most pretious leaf and drink, hath more of design than truth, for the justification of himself and satisfaction of others, he hath here enumerated several authors, who in their learn-

ed works have expressly written and asserted the same, and much more in honor of this noble leaf and drink, viz. *Bortius, Riccius, Jarrius, Almeyda, Horstius, Alvarez-Smeda, Martinious*, in his *China Atlas*, and *Alexander de Rhodes* in his *Voyage and Missions*, in a large discourse of the ordering of this leaf, and the many virtues of the drink, printed at Paris, 1653, part 10, chap. xiii.

"And to the end that all persons of eminence or quality, gentlemen and others who may have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied—These are to give notice, that the said *Thomas Garway* hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound."

PHILODOMESTICUS.

SONG OF THE DYING BARD.

(For the Mirror.)

MAKE me a grave by the brook of the mountain,
Carve not a record to speak of the past,
There let the wandering wave of the fountain,
Mingle its song with the moan of the blast!
Breathe not a prayer where the minstrel is
sleeping,

Mark not my pillow with marble or stone,
There let no eye of the lovely be weeping,
Leave me to slumber—unmentioned, alone.

Lay me to moulder—unwailed, unlamented,
Shroudless and nameless, amid the lone heath;
Tell not how deeply I mourn'd and repented,
Ere my crush'd spirit found calmness in death,
Free on my turf, when the spring is returning,
Leave thou the bird of the desert to breed;
There, when the red beam of summer is burning,
Oft let the herd of the wilderness feed.

Son of my God! who swath'd in a manger,
Look on my sorrows, and pity my doom:
Thou, who hast died for the slave and the
stranger,

Let me not perish forgot in the tomb!
Vengeful and loud when the trumpet is ringing,
Sounding the dirge of the field and the sea,
Grant me a rest where the ransom'd are singing
Hymns of rejoicing—Redeemer to Thee!

The Novelist.

THE INVISIBLE CITIES.

(For the Mirror.)

FATHER SIGISMUND stood in the centre of the monastic burial-ground: it was a dreary hour—midnight! haunted, moonless midnight!—and, as the sullen clock of Wandsworth Abbey tolled lazily forth the hour of twelve, he awaited with a quailing heart the effect of his recently uttered incantation, scarcely feeling himself secured from the malignity of his infernal ally, within the magic cincture that restricted the demon's approxima-

tion. A low moaning wind, and a lurid glimmer of reddish light, announced the presence of the spirit; and when the last stroke of the deeply-reverberating midnight chimes had sounded, the grave stones and venerable cloisters of the Abbey were illumined by the strange radiance of Sigismund's familiar.

"Azael!" cried the monk, "I have seen Bacon, and he hath refused."—"Master, that is because Zophiel, and his other attendant spirits, are more powerful than myself; I am, as well thou knowest, of an inferior grade; I am a subordinate amongst the powers that are not of your world; and thou must wait the accomplishment of thy desires, until thy mental qualifications enable thee both to call up at thy bidding, and subjugate to thy will, the mighty earls, marquesses, and dukes, of our infernal hierarchy."—"No, Azael, no! thou deceivest me! I know, and well, that thou art thyself, or I should not have summoned thee, most fully capable of accomplishing my requests: say that thou art not, and that word passeth my lips, which shall bind thee in the Arabian Gulf until the consummation of all things!"—"Master, I submit! yet solely upon one condition—thou understandest me? Nay, start not! neither cavil: necessity imposes it."—"Then be it so; I have studied the occult, the prohibited, the infernal sciences; and the result is, that I, a mortal, am authorized to command the unlimited services of an indestructible spirit! Yet are my labours vain, utterly vain, so long as Roger Bacon, the friar, hath in his single possession the secret of entering the Invisible Cities: so long, I say, as he is, in consequence, master of the illimitable hoards of wealth that they contain!"—"And yet," answered the demon, "he is poor; he availeth not himself of those hidden, but interminable mines—those inexhaustible stores; and so long as a man employs not his treasures, he is—" "An idiot! a madman!" interrupted Sigismund;—"give them to me, and they shall be used!"—"Swear!" cried Azael.—"I do swear!" answered the monk: "I swear, that the treasures of the Invisible Cities once in my actual possession, my soul and body shall both be, from that hour, at the disposal of your prince, the King of those Cities, and the Emperor of the Powers of Darkness, for ever and ever!"—"We are satisfied!" exclaimed a voice, or rather a mingling of voices; for the awful sound gathered on the ears of Sigismund like the united and rushing roar of leaves, when the

forest bends to the blast: it swelled around him as if breathed by a legion of evil ones from the covered boundary of the cloistered quadrangle; and upon its cessation, he found himself left in utter darkness.

The heart of the guilty monk now thrilled with horror, at the bare recollection of the dreadful deed which he had committed. Strange sounds seemed yet to ring in his ears, and stranger forms to flit before his eyes, as he groped, with stumbling steps, through the awful field of the dead—whose spectral arms he almost expected to encounter opposing his progress, and thrusting him back to receive the reward he merited for his sacrilegious violation of their consecrated tenement. The bell now tolled for the midnight service. Sigismund beheld the brethren of Wandsworth pass hurriedly to the chapel through a narrow, gloomy passage, an opening into which, from the cloisters, he had just gained. The foremost only carried tapers; falling in, therefore, with the darkened rear, he entered the sacred edifice unsuspected. But, oh! the agony of that moment was insupportable! With whom had he but just concluded a horrid compact? Whose was he now?—no, not quite yet—the fiend had not fulfilled his part of the agreement, and there was a saving clause in the apostate's oath. Durst he pray? might he repent? In the midst of a conflict of emotions, that seemed to rend his very heart asunder, the brethren commenced chanting, in low, sweet tones, as if each were impressed with a humble hope, and even confidence, that he should be considered the righteous individual of the psalm—“*Domine quis habitat*”—when, quite overwhelmed with mental agony, Sigismund, groaning aloud, sank back on his seat. His groan and his action were noticed by the brethren on either side of him, who immediately persuading him to quit the chapel, led him from thence to his cell; and firmly convinced that deep study had disordered his health, after making him lie down on his pallet, administered one of those restoratives which the good fathers in those days seldom went without;—nor this alone, but with it certain doses of excellent advice, the purport of which was, to destroy his books, and consign his chemical apparatus to Satan. Sigismund replied only by a deep sigh; and the kind brothers, commencing an official visitation in his laboratory, made sad havoc amongst retorts, crucibles, vials, vases, and materials of every description. A loud

rapping upon the great outer gate of the Abbey suspended for awhile their operations; and Sigismund was presently informed that a couple of men waited to convey him to the castle of a neighbouring baron, who was sick unto death. Now the fame of the “Learned Brother of Wandsworth,” as Sigismund was termed, had spread far and wide; and finding himself sufficiently sane in body, although still cruelly tortured in mind, he hesitated not to arise, much to the chagrin of his friendly advisers, and obey the summons. Arrived at the gate, he there beheld a couple of men on horseback, bearing torches. A led horse was ready for himself—mounting which, he quitted between his guides the precincts of the Abbey.

As neither of his companions exchanged a word with him, the monk had leisure to make his observations upon their appearance and demeanour. The man who rode on his left hand wore a lowering, fierce aspect; a scowl sat upon his swarthy brow, as if chiselled thereon by internal and undying pain; his red, restless eyes seemed to declare that in his breast envy and malignity were no strangers; and a row of teeth, white as alabaster, firmly compressed, as by mortal agony, on his nether lip, added an expression altogether horrifying to the ill-favoured character of his ghastly countenance; his attire, rough, loose, and weather-beaten, seemed that of a bravo; and Sigismund discerned with a thrill of terror that the hue of his horse was a perfect blood-red! The monk's conductor on his right hand was mounted on a steed snow-white, and of exquisite symmetry, whose housings being studded with polished and precious stones and metals, sparkled and flashed in the torchlight most gallantly; but the rider of this splendid animal chiefly attracted the attention, and even affection of Sigismund, from the fascinating elegance of his personal appearance, and the grace of his carriage and movements. A hunting suit, which, even by that uncertain light, appeared of a clear, dazzling, emerald green, clad the beautifully-formed figure and well-turned limbs of the youth, whose countenance, of more than mortal beauty, inspired the beholder with rapturous ideas of eternal peace. From his neck was suspended, by a baldric of snow-white silk, a silver bugle; and ever as he cast his eloquent and pitying eyes upon Sigismund, the miserable monk felt a degree of gladness and confidence arise in his bosom, which even the bitter memory of a now repented deed, and

the devilish leers of his hideous conductor on the left, could not utterly dispel.

The party proceeded quickly in silence, for a long, long way, through a country with which Sigismund was utterly unacquainted—wild, uncultivated, and apparently uninhabited. No vestige of baronial castle greeted the eyes of the alarmed friar, who was not slow to imagine for what purpose he had been wiled away from Wandsworth, whither he was bound, and the nature of his guides. At length the two riders pulled up their steeds, and Sigismund's, in the act of proceeding, suddenly reared and backed, as if checked in his progress by the mighty power of an unseen hand; but the monk had beheld, with unspeakable horror, that they now stood on the brink of a frightful precipice, which rose, like a measureless wall, from the dark unfathomable bottom of a hideous abyss. "Close your eyes, man," cried the left-hand guide, "and keep steady!" "Drop your bridle, Sigismund," added he on the right, "and clasp your arms firmly around the barb's neck!" No sooner had the bewildered monk complied with these directions, than he found himself traversing the air with the celerity of lightning, and as far as he could by his feelings ascertain, at a point of hideous elevation. But what were his feelings?—what his thoughts? In truth, they were utterly out of the pale of analysis; for, darting forwards like a breath of the whirlwind, or an arrow of the forked lightning, giddiness, and an almost total, breathless insensibility seized him, during which all definite subjects and periods became to his mind either mingled in inextricable confusion, or as they were not.

What length of time had elapsed, Sigismund knew not, neither what had become of his steed, nor how he had dismounted; but suddenly he was aware that he stood between his strange guides upon *terra firma*. A large expanse of water laid before him, and as far as he had leisure to observe, and the torches of his guides lent him light, the country around was most bleak, and utterly destitute of vegetation. A strong brackish and sulphureous odour appeared to emanate from the water, and impregnate the air, which otherwise was soft, like that of an oriental clime. In a moment, each hand of the amazed monk was firmly grasped by his strange conductors, and scarcely had he time to feel the red-hot fingers of his friend on the left nearly cauterize his own, than he found himself plunged into the waters, driving

down headlong at immense speed, and his mouth, ears, and eyes filled with an intolerably salt and bituminous fluid, which rushed, roared, and gurgled around him, finally depriving him of his breath and his senses. The miserable and presumptuous monk was hurried fathoms and fathoms down the supposed unfathomable Lake Asphaltites!

Upon revival to life and reason, he perceived with awe that he stood, supported by the kind cool arms of his fair and well-disposed conductor, whilst the malign one kept his accustomed place, in a new and glorious city—but one beyond thought terrible and amazing, for it was a veritable City of Fire! Its architecture was novel and superb—like that which imagination might assign even to antediluvian ages, and yet mocking in beauty, stability, and sublimity, the efforts of later days, whose splendid orders were, to the specimens there beheld, but puny counterfeits. Tower, battlement, and arch, glowed in red-hot light; porticoes, and far-stretching colonnades, shone in scarlet radiance; pilastered galleries, and measureless flights of steps, dazzled and wounded the eye, by emulating marble in a vivid white heat. The city had its foundations within a sea of fire, for such was every street; and from these terrible sources wandered flaming rivulets on, and on, farther even than supernatural sight could track. In this tremendous vision of fiery architecture, all things stood prominently forth in their true forms and proportions: apparently, the most delicate chisel had moulded in fused iron, all that should have astonished and fascinated in fairest marble, and in moulding such for immortality, had employed the material of irremediable destruction!

But, however amazing might be the city, still more so was it to behold beings in the semblance of men (apparently animated statues of glowing metal) slowly pacing to and fro, through its streets, in perfect silence, and their contorted countenances attesting their unutterable agonies! Sigismund, although supernaturally shielded from instantaneous destruction, was powerfully affected by a sense of the intense heat, and sulphureous quality of the scorching atmosphere. Nearly dead from these causes, as well as from excessive terror, he mechanically crossed himself: immediately upon which, his companions thus alternately addressed him, the fair and friendly youth commencing:—"Sigismund, I am Ethon, one of the angels who stand for ever and ever before the

God of Gods, in the high heavens ! and I am, by his paternal mercy, commissioned to show thee, ere it be too late, Zehenna, one of the Invisible Cities—one of the corrupt and abominable cities which fell by the same judgment that overthrew Gomorrah, and the remaining Cities of the Plain—turned them into fiery furnaces like this which thou dost now behold—and buried them in the heart of the earth, beneath the Sea of Sodom, until this world shall be no more !” — “ Yea, Sigismund,” added the other guide, “ this is indeed Zehenna, the city of cities, wherein are kept those exhaustless hoards of wealth so infinitely coveted by thee !” — “ Wherein resides the bane and scourge of the world !” — “ Wherein abides the *primum mobile* of all human power !” — “ Wherein is guarded from ever-erring mortals gold, the fountain of deadly corruption !” — “ Wherein is most foully imprisoned gold, the master-key to all pleasures !” — “ Look upon those wretches, Sigismund, and behold the pleasures purchased by gold ! the pleasures that thou wouldst, by thine own cupidity, entail upon thyself !” — “ Look through yonder window, Sigismund, at those shining heaps of ore, and imagine thyself king of them, and the world which they would purchase for thee !” — “ Sigismund ! monk, attend to me ! This is Zehenna, one of the wealthy, luxurious, and most abominable cities of the Plain, whose tormented inhabitants, idolaters of metal, as thou wouldst be, have sold themselves, as thou hast partly done, to the great Deceiver ! Thou art a man ; these were men ; what are they now ? that which thou didst consent to become !” — “ Nay, Sigismund, nay, rather attend thou to me ! This is Zehenna, one of the Invisible Cities, whose inhabitants are immortal, and enjoy her wealth apart from the rest of the world ; I can bestow the riches of this and the remaining cities upon thee—myriads and myriads of silver, gold, and jewels !” — “ And I, O imprudent and avaricious, but ignorant monk, am commissioned, shouldst thou desire it, to deliver thee from these matchless and eternal horrors !” — “ I am he to whom thou hast devoted thyself, body and soul, for ever !” — “ And I, Sigismund, I the seraph Æthon, am thy guardian angel ; and as such, I am bound to thee for a term, which is not yet expired ; there was a saving clause in thine oath—Determine !” — “ Thou art mine !” roared the demon, in a voice that seemed to echo through the fiery city ; his malignant eyes shot forth lurid flames, and

he stretched forth his infernal hand to tear away the horror-struck and almost stifled monk from the guardian and supporting embrace of Æthon ; but, at a glance from the seraph, that hand dropped impotently to his side ; whereupon Sigismund, exerting himself to the utmost, exclaimed firmly—“ Thine ! Never !—never until I have accepted, and actually possess, that accursed boon, which my frenzied wickedness desired, and which, with fiendish readiness, thou didst proffer—avaunt !” — “ Rash fool !” howled the demon, gnashing his teeth in impotent ire. “ Erring mortal !” cried the angelic power, in most melodious accents, “ come ! mercy, eternal mercy, hath been extended to thee ! Repentance hath saved thee from the arm of the Evil One ! Sin no more, lest condemnation besfall thee, and thou be bound to dwell for ever with them who linger out undying days in the great prototype of Zehenna. Come !” Æthon then applied his silver bugle to his lips, and at its tones—so unearthly, so ineffable—Sigismund swooned with ecstasy. When he returned to his senses, he found himself lying in his cell, upon his own bed, whilst the glorious morning sun shone with heavenly radiance upon him ; and from his couch arose the monk an altered man, to a life of penitence, of prayer, and of praise.

He knew not, indeed, nor had he any method of ascertaining, whether in dream, vision, or reality, he had beheld one of the Invisible Cities ; he only knew that he had ardently desired to possess treasures, the very thought of which made him sick at heart now ; that he had endeavoured to obtain such, by means of those abstruse studies, which in those days were believed to possess the power of subjecting Satan and his emissaries to the behests of man ; that hitherto he had failed in his endeavours to raise the meanest of infernal agents ; that his laboratory, nevertheless, bore evidence to the friendly offices of the brethren of Wandsworth ; that a scorched impression of fingers was upon his right hand ; and that these words, with even the very tone in which they were uttered by the sweet speaker, were, with his firm countenance and costume, engraven indelibly upon his memory—“ Repentance hath saved thee ; sin no more !”

M. L. B.

THE Greenlanders lay a dog's head by the grave of a child, considering that as a dog can find its way every where, it will show the ignorant babe the way to the land of souls.

The Anecdote Gallery.

MACCLINIANA.

The original Macheath.—Tom Walker, as he was constantly called, (the so much celebrated original *Macheath* in the *Beggar's Opera*;) was well known to Macklin, both on and off the stage. He was a young man, rather rising in the mediocre parts of comedy, when the following accident brought him out in *Macheath*.* Quin was first designed for this part, who barely sung well enough to give a convivial song in company, which, at that time of day, was almost an indispensable claim on every performer; and on this account perhaps did not much relish the business; the high reputation of Gay, however, and the critical juncture who supported him, made him drudge through two rehearsals. On the close of the last, Walker was observed humming some of the songs behind the scenes, in a tone and liveliness of manner, which attracted all their notice. Quin laid hold of this circumstance to get rid of the part, and exclaimed, "Ay, there's a man who is much more qualified to do you justice than I am." Walker was called on to make the experiment; and Gay, who instantly saw the difference, accepted him as the hero of his piece.

The Beggar's Opera.—Mr. Gay wrote all, or the greatest part of, this opera, at the Duke of Queensbury's, in the summer-house, which is something like a cavern on the side of a bank at Amesbury. The duke and duchess were great friends to learned and ingenious men; particularly to the late celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot. At that period the duchess thought herself slighted at court, and had desisted attending the drawing-room. Miss Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay were almost constantly with her; and, I believe, to gratify the duchess, he touched on the modes of the court; and Miss Arbuthnot knowing many old Scots and English songs, collected the most proper airs, and Gay wrote in suitable measure for them; so they had no need of a musician to compose new tunes.

The whole money received for the sixty-two nights of this opera was £11,199. 14s.; and one night (making the sixty-three) for a benefit, £168. 10s.

Young Macklin.—I was informed nearly fifty years since by an elderly

gentleman, who was born and bred in Dublin, that Macklin had been a shoe-boy, *i. e.* a blacker of shoes, at the college in Dublin, and was a waiter or marker at a gaming-table, where his common appellation was cursed Charley.

Hypocrite, the original Peachum.—In this character Hypocrite adopted the very dress of Jonathan Wild—a black coat, scarlet waistcoat with broad gold lace, velvet breeches, white silk rolled-up stockings gartered under the knees with black straps, square-toed shoes, white flowing wig, laced hat, silver-hilted sword, &c. Shuter followed his example. He, Wild, was hanged in 1725.

The true-born Irishman.—acted at Covent Garden one night only, November 28, 1767, and not printed: Macklin seemed to acquiesce in the withdrawal, saying in his strong manner, "I believe the audience are right; there's a geography in humour as well as in morals, which I had not previously considered."

In rehearsing this piece, Macklin took infinite pains to instruct a young actor in his part, who having to pronounce "Lady Kinnegad," did it so differently from what the veteran expected, that he could not help exclaiming in an angry tone, "What trade are you, sir?" The performer answered, "Sir, I am a gentleman." "Then," rejoined he, "stick to that, sir;" for you will never be an actor."

Macklin as Macbeth.—The squibs on this occasion were innumerable; the following being short, are given as a specimen:—

I learned to-night what ne'er before I knew,
That a Scotch monarch's like an Irish Jew.

So uncouth Macklin's form, I'll suffer death,
If well I knew the witches from Macbeth.

No longer mourn, Macduff, thy children's fall,
Macklin hath murdered sleep, Macbeth and all.

Literary Gazette.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

ART OF DRINKING WINE.

A PLEASANT, and very companionable little volume has lately appeared, with the somewhat curious cognomen of "*The Wine-drinker's Manual*." It professes to give outlines of the most celebrated vineyards, and the several processes of wine-making, in different countries: "in short," says the preface, "to represent the general economy of one of the most interesting branches of

* Quin performed the part of Macheath for his own benefit, (at Lincoln's Inn Fields, March 19, 1730,) which produced £112. 13s. 6d. in money—tickets £93. 16s.

human invention." The work is elegantly printed, and bound in a trellis-work cover; and, moreover, it has a dedication "to J. H."—probably one of the author's raciest table-companions.

The Chapters, or Sections, are—On Wine-drinking; Ancient Wines; Modern Wines; French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Hungarian, Italian, Greek, Russian, Persian, Madeira, Cape, and British; the Adulteration of Wines; and the accomplishment of Drinking Wine, from which we choose our specimen extract:—

"The reader will probably have received sufficient *gout* for this purpose, from the florid, and not unpicturesque details of some of the preceding pages. The luxuriance of the vineyards, and the ingenious processes by which their produce is adapted, we had almost said *sublimed*, for the Table, must have prepared him for a few pages on the order and propriety which are conducive to the most refined enjoyment. 'There is,' as Shakspeare incontrovertibly expresses it, 'a reason in roasting eggs;' and as another bard asserts, 'order is heaven's first law;' both of which axioms are not a whit less applicable to the Table, than to any other integral part of the universe. Eating has its *rationale*, and in well-conditioned society its rules of propriety are as closely observed as any other part of the system, by which we live and have our being; and but little pains is requisite to prove that drinking should be reduced to the same order. To commence refection with drinking Tokay or Lacryma Christi, would be as great a breach of propriety as to eat game before soup.

"We must, however, bear in mind that, according to an old adage, 'it is not in the power of any one to decide on taste or on colours;' else we might soon become lost in the labyrinths of romantic investigation. Still, there are certain points of propriety in the art of drinking wine, which

— Fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On fashion's mouldering base their transient
praise.

"An epicurean wine-drinker observes that the red wines should always precede the white, except in the case of a French dinner, usually preceded by oysters. In this case, the ostrean delicacies should be saluted with a treble volley of Chablis, or, for greater solemnity, with libations of Pouilly, or Mont Râchet, or even with Sauterne, Barsac, or White Hermitage. But, for this important reason, red wine should open the repast.

"The custom, during the last century, was always to take, after soup, a glass of some sweet wine; but now, the experienced wine-drinker either takes a glass of good old Madeira, or of Teneriffe.

"Our French exemplars assert the most proper wine during the first course to be, without any contradiction, Burgundy of the least celebrated growth, and which, for this reason, is known as Low Burgundy. Such are Avallon, Coulange, Tonnère, and generally all those known under the designation of Mâcon and Auxerre. You then ascend to Beaume and Pomard; and if you choose to confine yourself to the Burgundian topography, you have the generous Richebourg, the high-flavoured St. George, the purple Chambertin, and the exquisite Romanée. But if you can ill bear the trammels of classification, and wish to give a fillip to your taste by change of flavour and soil, Champagne offers its sparkling Aï, perfumed Cumières, and limpid Sillery. After these, you may enjoy the stronger wines of Dauphny, which whet the appetite, and heighten the savour of roast meats. Among these, we recommend Château Grillé, Côte-Rotie, and Hermitage.— 'Tis then that mirth lights up the faces of the convivial circle, and the gibes and gambols of wit are wont to set the table in a roar; 'tis then that we acknowledge the claim of only one other wine to produce on the quantity already imbibed, an effect similar to that of a drop of water in boiling milk, or a spoonful of oil on the angry waves of the ocean. This is the wine of Bordeaux or Claret. See how wisdom's art gradually appeases the mounting spirits, in the effect of Médoc poured by a steady hand into bright crystal, which reflects scores of wax-lights. An armistice ensues, and the 'intellectual gladiators' lay down their wordy weapons. Amphytrions clear the table, walters and sweet cakes, and perfumed creams, usurp the place of *légumes*, which boasted all the skill of scientific cookery. Languedoc, Roussillon, and Provence, what brilliant associations do ye create! Spain, too, participates in this gale of glory! But what is that ruby tint which glows amid sparkling crystal?—what is that liquid topaz which strikes the eye with wonder, and inspires a new gusto? Rivesaltes, Grenache, Lunel, Malmsey, Frontignan, Malaga, and Xeres—what a galaxy of glories rises with your delicious aroma to perplex wine-drinkers. Your half-consumed corks give evidence of your age, like a wreck of hoar antiquity; the

perfumed gale ascends, and your richness mantles and sparkles high; whilst your glowing spirit tempers the effect of ice, which is sometimes injudiciously served immediately after dinner, although health and good taste concur in delaying its appearance.

"But the aromatic gale of the Mocha-berry already salutes our delighted senses. Folly produces another bottle, the silver froth rushes like a boiling spring, and carries the cork to the ceiling, or the Arbois is produced, and unites the sweetness of Condrieux with the sparkling of the impetuous Aÿ! 'Tis then only that the wine-drinker can enjoy in diamond glasses the exquisiteness of veritable Tokay.

"Such, observes a French writer, is an abridgment of the didactic order, in which the tributes to Bacchus must be greeted. He concludes, by rejoicing that notwithstanding all their luxury and knowledge of the arts, the ancients did not at any period excel us in wine-making. Aristotle tells us, that in Arcadia, the wines evaporated in leather-vessels, till they were cut in pieces, and dissolved in water for drinking: certes, these could not equal our Médoc, Volnay, or Aÿ, without a drop of water. According to Galienus, in Asia, wines were hung about the chimneys, till they had the hardness of salt, and were dissolved in water to be drunk. Pliny, when he celebrates the wines of Italy, and the praises of the Falernian, does not even tempt us; for it seems that the best wines in his time were but syrups, which were diluted with water for drinking.

"To conciliate a few of the varied opinions on the precedence of French wines, the same writer observes—Some persons prefer Burgundy; others contend for Bordeaux; a few pretend that Champagne, still, and of the first quality, unites the Burgundian flavour with the Bordeaux warmth; while the native of the borders of the Rhone asserts that the finest of all wines is Hermitage! All are right, and each in its turn is best—especially, if the maturation of the fruit has been successful: this is rare, for there is a greater difference between the wine of one year and that of another, grown in the same vineyard, than between the wine of a celebrated district, and that procured from an obscure spot. Therefore, we should take the advice of Sterne, and, like the man at the fair, every man speak as he has found his market in it. According as we have drunk Sillery, La Rommée, or Médoc, of memorable

years, we ought to prefer the districts which produced them respectively, always with this prudent restriction—not to be so exclusive in our taste, as not to welcome others in the absence of better. We may admire Corneille, adore Voltaire and Racine; but still read with pleasure Parny, Boufflers, and Bertin; and even the sublime *vis comica* of Voltaire, does not produce a distaste for the prettiness and pleasantry of Picard.

"In noticing the varieties of wine adapted for different habits and temperament, our French exemplar suggests that those of a sanguine habit should drink a light, moistening wine, like Champagne or Hock; the phlegmatic man requires an ardent wine, as that of Languedoc and Dauphiny, to dissolve the phlegm that obstructs his system; the man of melancholy a mild wine, to restore his wounded spirit, and invigorate his wasted frame, for which purpose he should choose the produce of Roussillon and Burgundy, or the vinous wealth of Italy and Spain.* For bilious habits he recommends a generous and astringent wine, as fine Claret, which not only braces the system, but counteracts the bile. He then repels the unjust term of coldness, which has by some persons been attributed to the Bordeaux wines; and maintains that they are easier of digestion than any other wine: they leave the head cool, although drunk unsparingly, and will bear removal; whilst Burgundy is very stimulating, and is injured by being disturbed. In short, he sums up with remarking that Burgundy is aphrodisiac; Champagne, heady; Roussillon, restorative; and Claret, stomachic. Dr. Henderson ranks Bordeaux among the most perfect light wines, and the safest for daily use; and Dr. Macnish, in a very clever work,† distinguishes Claret as 'the most wholesome wine that is known.' He also commends Burgundy, Rhenish, and Hermitage, as, generally speaking, more salubrious than the stronger varieties, as Port, Sherry, or Madeira. Champagne, except in cases of weak digestion, is one of the safest wines that can be drunk. 'Its intoxicating effects are rapid, but

* The quaint old Burton tells us, that wine is frequently the sole cause of melancholy, especially if it be immoderately used; and Guianerius relates a story of two Dutchmen, whom he entertained in his own house, who drank so much wine, that in the short space of a month they both became so melancholy, that the one could do nothing but sigh, and the other sigh. But observes Burton, a cup of generous wine to those whose minds are still or motionless, is, in my opinion, excellent physic.

† Anatomy of Drunkenness.

exceedingly transient, and depend partly upon the carbonic acid which is evolved from it, and partly upon the alcohol, which is suspended in this gas, being rapidly and extensively applied to a large surface of the stomach.* A recollection of these qualities gave rise to Mr. Curran's sparkling witticism, that Champagne made a runaway rap at a man's head.

"The astringent principle of the wines of Oporto, is too well known for us to explain; and the great quantity of brandy with which they are adulterated, both before and after their exportation, almost justifies the name of 'a hot, intoxicating liquor,' which foppery, in one of its gossamer fits, has thought fit to bestow upon Port wine. Dr. Johnson valued the potency of Oporto wines, in the scrap of Table-talk, that Port was drink for men, and Claret for boys. The hospitalities of Mrs. Thrale's cellar ought to have taught the Doctor a better distinction. Dr. Henderson thinks the wines of Oporto may be serviceable in disorders of the alimentary canal, where gentle tonics are required. But the gallic acid renders them unfit for weak stomachs; and their astringent virtues will be found in the wines of Alicante and Rota, which contain more tannin, and less acid. The excitement they induce is of a more sluggish nature than that attending the use of the purer French wines, and does not enliven the fancy in the same degree. As a frequent beverage, they are unquestionably much more pernicious.* Perhaps the wines commonly drunk in England and France, afford the best characteristic of the two nations. Dr. Henderson's observation is, therefore, very happy, since nothing is easier than to conceive the different effects of Port and Bordeaux wines: one soon rendering the drinker uncomfortably excited, and the other bringing into play some of the finest fancies of wit and humour, and many of the brighter beams of intellectual superiority, which justly belong to 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' A man with a bottle of Port, and another with the same modicum of Bordeaux wine, often occupy very different stations in the chain of being, or companionable qualities.

"Sherries still recommend themselves by the almost total absence of acidity. For invalids, of all strong wines, those of Madeira are most eligible; being equally spirituous as Sherry, but possessing more delicate flavour and aroma,

* History of Wines—Medical Properties, 4to. p. 356.

and though often 'slightly acidulous agreeing better with dyspeptic habits.'†

"Rhenish wines, and those of the Moselle, are delightfully refreshing; and among their properties are a diuretic effect, and a tendency to diminish obesity. In fevers, too, they are very serviceable, as they contain but little acid."

Perhaps we have quoted sufficient to create a whet on a subject by no means dry,—and thus we hope to have the reader with "the best part of his blood awake, and the gross laid to sleep."

* History of Wines—Medical Properties, 4to. p. 356.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE DEAD.

A SPIRIT doth arise
From the ashes of the dead,
Holy as if the skies
Thrice sacred influence shed.
There ethereal hopes are born,
Such as sanctify the earth—
The noblest wreath e'er worn,
Owes to the grave its birth.
For we think upon the dead;
The glorious, and the good:
And the thought where they have led
Stirs the life-flood like a flood;
Where the pure bright moon hath shed
The light which bids it rise,
Towards the heaven o'er its head;
Even such our sympathies.
Is it some hero's grave,
Who for his country died?
Then honour to the brave,
We would be proud to rest beside.
Is it some sage, whose mind
Is as a beacon light
To save and guide his kind,
Amid their mental night?
Some poet who hath sung
The griefs o'er which he wept;
The rose where rain hath clung,
That fresh and sweet is kept?
Some martyr who hath sealed
With his blood, his faith divine;
That ever men should yield
To their passions, God's own shrine?
Who can think on men like these?
Nor feel that in them dwell,
The highest energies;
And a hope unquenchable:
While the grave an altar seems,
For the most exalted creed,
Till resolves that were as dreams,
End in honourable deed.
Plant the laurel on the grave.
There the spirit's hope hath fed,
By the good, the great, the brave,—
Be honour to the dead.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE BOWER,—A VAUXHALL VIEW.

We do not mean by "The Bower," that summer sanctuary, that sylvan asylum, that cool sequestered seat, where, shadowed from the heat of the sun, screened from observing eyes, and refreshed by the gentle odours emitted by every trail-

ing leaf, the mind loveth at the golden periods of the year to luxuriate—forgetting the cares and tasks of the world in a quiet leisure and a happy oblivion. Pleasantly—might destiny so ordain it—could we dilate upon that hallowed retreat, the temple of love and youth, wherein vows are paid, and sighs (which are as syllables in love's vocabulary) bespeak the sympathizing spirit, when thy dictionary, Dr. Johnson, would be utterly inadequate: that secluded study, whereto the student, enamoured of the Muse, directs his lonely step at morn or eve—composing melodies that will be to him as a monument, communing with the silent spirit of some favourite book, or finding a library even in the leaves that fall or wave around him. But it is not for us to speak of these things; they are fruits whereof we are forbidden to pluck. The Bower that we allude to, is not that wherein hearts and promises are sometimes broken, which birds delight to haunt, and bards to describe. No, it is merely a human being, a living bower—an acquaintance most probably of the reader's;—we mean, in short, the Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall Gardens!

Spirit of farce and fun, come not upon our pen! Keep thou at a serious distance, lest the dignity of our subject be lessened by thy levity. We would be accurate, not extravagant, in our portrait; for the original must be known to many. Few that have visited Vauxhall, lofty or vulgar, in the days of its splendour or its gloom, but have seen him arrayed in his glory. "Oh!" saith the anticipating reader, "I think I know whom you allude to. Does he not wear a sable suit, of Warren-like hue, though not of Stultz-like cut? Has he not a waistcoat white as once was Dignum's, with a perpetual black ribbon streaming down it, like a dark torrent down a mountain of snow? Do not the skirts of his coat divide, as they fall, into the form of an A? Are there not fifty cravats on his neck, and fifty winters on his head?" Enough; we perceive that the reader hath observed him; he hath noted the silver hair and buckles, the invariable white gloves and politeness, the unblemished waistcoat and manners, of our amiable acquaintance. He hath descried the small smart cane, the spacious and seemly cravat, the precise, yet easy and graceful carriage, of our kind and accomplished friend. But perhaps he does not know the heart of the mystery that surrounds him,—perhaps he does not suspect that there is any mystery at all. While taking his supper,

he has seen a gentleman appear suddenly at the entrance of the box, with a profound and perfect bow—something that has escaped the wreck of the last century—a reminiscence of the year 1730. He has at first eight mistaken him for a sort of Sir Charles Grandison in little; he has heard him, with a still small voice, inquire if any addition could be made to the comforts of the party—if any thing was wished for—if the wines were satisfactory, or the punch pleasant; he has observed him decline the glass which had been poured out and handed to him, with a well-bred and courteous air; and then, with a bow and a smile, he has seen him depart. But this is all that he has seen—and yet this is nothing.

Where then is the mystery? It consists partly in the smile and the bow; not so much, indeed, in their quality as in their continuity. He never seems to leave off—they are always ready made—he keeps them perpetually by him fit for use. It is a smile without an end—a bow that has no *finis*. If you see him in an erect position—and he is sometimes particularly perpendicular—the very instant that he catches your eye he changes it to its more natural figure, a curve. One would almost say that, from the commencement to the end of the season, his body is not straight, his lips never in repose, for two minutes together. Whatever is said, whatever is done—he bows. He would bow to the beggar whom he relieved, and (fortune shield him from such a mishap!) to the sheriff's-officer that arrested him. Not knowing who he is, you complain, a little angrily, perhaps, of the tough or transitory nature of the fowls—of the visionary character of the ham, that does not even disguise or render doubtful the pattern of the plate; he bows obligingly and beckons to a waiter. It being rather dark, you upset a bottle of port, some of which sprinkles his white gloves and waistcoat, and the rest goes into his polished pumps;—he smiles as if you had conferred a favour on him, and bows himself dry again. As he stands at the opening of the box, some boorish Bacchanalian brushing by, thrusts him against the edge of the table, or presses his hat over his eyes;—he turns round quietly, readjusts his injured hat, smiles with the graceful superiority of a gentleman, and (it seems scarcely credible) bows! That bow must have sometimes administered a severe, though a silent reproof to the ill-mannered and the intemperate. Yorick would have made something of it had he met it in France—it is not understood here.

But the smile and the bow are not all. There is more mystery. We want to know—it may seem curious to some—but we want to know where he goes to when he leaves the box? We shall of course be answered—to the next. But when he has visited them all, what becomes of him then? Since we projected the idea of perpetrating this imperfect apostrophe to his worth, we have inquired in all quarters, but have scarcely found a single person that ever met him in the walks. He is there, sometimes, of course—yet is seldom seen but at supper-time, as if he were a sprite conjured up by indigestion and headache. You enter the box, and up jumps Jack; you sit down, and there he is; you get up, and he is gone. He may spring from under the table, or drop from one of the lamps, for anything you can tell. He may be brought in, like Asmodeus, in a bottle; he may hide himself, like care, at the bottom of a bowl. You only know that there he stands, hoping you are comfortable, and bowing you into good humour with an expensive supper. But catch him in the walks afterwards, if you can; you go into them all, whether dark or dazling, without finding him. At last, you determine to sup a second time, by way of experiment—just to solve the mystery, and to see whether he will make his appearance. It is served up—and the very next minute he is asking you the age of your fowl, and trusting that it is tender.

But the most extraordinary fact remains to be told; “the greatest is behind.” During the season he is indefatigable in his attendance. He is never a minute too late, or a step out of the way. He seems to grow in the gardens, like one of the trees. But the instant the season closes, he disappears; and is never seen again till the hour of its recommencement the next year. No human being could ever guess where he goes to. The visitors retire, the lamps are extinguished, and he takes his leave. He and the lights go out together; he melts, like Ossian’s heroes, into mist. He quits his suburban sitting-room, places a receipt for his rent in his pocket-book, makes a conclusive and valedictory bow to his landlady, and becomes a query, a conundrum—the most undiscoverable of riddles—the most marvellous of absentees. The proprietors have no knowledge of his whereabouts; they are sure of seeing him in time for the re-opening, and give themselves no further trouble on the subject. If he should not appear the first night, when

“God save the King” commences, he is no longer a tenant of this world; if living, there he will be found. Never was he known to fail. Faithful to the moment, in he walks, apparently in the same white waistcoat, as if it had been washed in Juno’s bath, and endowed with perpetual purity and youth. His cane looks as if it had been wrapped up in cotton since last season. He taps at the door, touches his hat, and offers the usual compliments to the “honoured and worthy proprietors.” Like the bulletin of a battle, a brilliant illumination follows his appearance. He is the most punctual of periodicals—the Vauxhall Annual. People know the period of the year by his coming; one swallow makes not a summer, but he does. The migrations of birds have given rise to many curious speculations, and have puzzled the zoologists of all ages—some conjecturing that they lie for months at the bottoms of pools and rivers, and other impossible places. We should like to know what natural philosophy has to say to the migration we have recorded, and whether there is any chance of discovering the winter quarters of our venerable friend—the chrysalis of our summer visitor. Is he asleep for the rest of the year? Does he hide himself in a nut-shell at home, or travel to the Indies and back? Does he take an excursion in a balloon for a few months, or creep for security into the corner of a poor-box? But the subject baffles conjecture: all speculation is idle. It is one of those secrets that most probably will never be divulged.

Wheresoever he goes, we trust that he may long experience, during the drearier seasons of the year, the courtesies and urbanity he extends to others in the merrier one; and that, like the best blacking, he may retain his virtues in any climate.—*Monthly Magazine.*

DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

An elaborate paper upon these *ignes fatui* of the human mind appears in the recently published No. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. The whole article occupies nearly fifty pages—not a line too much on such subjects—but compelling us to a few detached extracts:—

Picture of Tartarus, with a Portrait of Satan.

“Dante, we know, divided hell, like Germany, into circles; and Mr. Horst (author of a German work on Magic, in 6 vols. 8vo.), adopting something of a similar arrangement, has parcelled out

the territory of the Prince of the Air into sundry regular divisions, by which its whole bearings and distances are made plain enough for the use of infant schools. It is only at one of the provinces of the Inferno, however, that we can at present afford to glance; though for those who are inclined to make the grand tour, we can safely recommend the Counsellor as an intelligent travelling companion, and well acquainted with the road. In fact, his work is so methodical and distinct, and the geography of the infernal regions so distinctly laid down, according to the best authorities, from Jamblichus and Porphyry down to Glanvil and the Abbé Fiard, that the whole district is now about as well known as the course of the Niger; and it must be the traveller's own fault if he does not find his exit from Avernus as easy as its entrance has proverbially been since the days of Virgil.

"We cannot say, however, that the picture drawn by these intelligent spiritual travellers is calculated to impress us with a high notion of the dominions of the Prince of the Air, or that the *personnel* of his majesty, or his government, is prepossessing. The climate, as all of them, from Faust downwards, agree, is oppressively hot, and the face of the country apparently a good deal like that between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, abounding with furnaces and coal-pits. Literature is evidently at a low ebb, from the few specimens of composition with which we are favoured in the Magical Library; and the sciences, with the exception of some practical applications of chemistry, shamefully neglected. The government seems despotical, but subject to occasional explosions on the part of the more influential spirits concerned in the executive. In fact, we observe that the departments of the administration are by no means well-arranged; there is no proper division of labour, and the consequence is, that Belzebub, 'Mooned Ashtaroth,' and others of the ministry, who, according to the theory of the constitution,* are entitled to precedence, are constantly jostled and interfered with by Aziel, Mephistopheles, Marbuel, and other forward second-rate spirits, who are constantly thrusting in their claws where they are not called for. The

standing army is considerable,† besides the volunteers by which it is continually augmented. We hear, nothing, however, of the navy; and from the ominous silence which our geographers preserve on this point, it is easy to see that water is a rare element in this quarter.

"The hints given as to the personal appearance and conduct of Lucifer, the reigning monarch, are not flattering. Common readers are apt to believe that Satan occupies that dignity,‡ but this is a great error, and only shows, as Asmodeus told Don Cleofas, when he fell into a similar mistake about Belzebub, 'that they have no true notions of hell.' The morals of Lucifer, as might be expected, are as bad as possible—with this exception, that we see no evidence of his being personally addicted to drinking. His licentious habits, however, are attested by many a scandalous chronicle in Sprenger, Delrio, and Bodinus; and for swearing, all the world knows that Ernulphus was but a type of him. His jokes are all practical, and of a low order, and there is an utter want of dignity in most of his proceedings. One of his most facetious amusements consists in constantly pulling the spits, on which his witches are riding, from beneath them, and applying them vigorously to their shoulders.§ And he has more than once administered personal chastisement to his servants, when they neglected to keep an appointment.|| He is a notorious cheat; many enterprising young men, who have enlisted in his service on the promise of high pay and promotion, having found, on putting their hands into their pockets, that he had paid them their bounty in tin six-pences, and having never risen even to the rank of a corporal.¶ His talent, we should be inclined, from these narratives, to consider very mediocre, and therefore we are afraid that the ingenious selection from his papers, lately published in Germany, by our friend Jean Paul,** must be a literary forgery. At least, all his printed speeches, as far as we have seen, are bad—flashy enough, no doubt, in the commencement, but

† Reginald Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, book xv. c. ii. contains an army-list or muster-roll, of the infernal forces. Thus the Duke of Amazereth, who seems to be a sort of brigadier-general, has the command of sixty legions, &c.

‡ Satan is a mere third-rate spirit, as they will find, by consulting a list of the Infernal Privy Council for 1669, contained in Faust's *Black Raven*.

§ See afterwards the *Trials of the Witches* at Morn, 1672.

|| *Vide Trials of Agnes Sampson*, 1590, and of Al. Hamilton, 1630—*Scott. Just. Rec.*

¶ Case of Isabel Ramsay, 1661.

** Auswahl aus den Teufels Papieren.

* Faustus, who is a sort of Delohme in matters infernal, has an able treatise on the subject, entitled "Mirakel-Kunst-und-Wunder Buch, oder der schwarze Rabe, auch der dreifache Höllen Zwang genannt," in which the political system of Lucifer's dominions is examined. The reader of M. Horst's book will find an outline of it at p. 86, *et. seq.* of vol. iii.

generally ending in smoke. He has always had a fancy for appearing in masquerade, and once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, in the disguise of a professor. So late as 1626, he lived *incog*; but in a very splendid style, for a whole winter, in Milan, under the title of the Duke of Mammon.* It is in vain, however, for his partial biographers to disguise the fact, that in his nocturnal excursions, of which, like Haroun Alraschid, he was at one time rather fond, and where, we learn from the Swedish witches, he generally figured in a grey coat and red small-clothes, ornamented with ribbons and blue stockings, he has more than once received a sound drubbing from honest people, whom he has attempted to trip up by laying his tail in their way. And, in fact, since his affair with St. Dunstan,† he has kept pretty much within doors after nightfall. Luther, as we know, kept no terms with him when he began to crack hazel-nuts in his bedroom at the Wartburg, but beat him all to nothing in a fair contest of ribaldry and abuse.‡ St. Lupus shut him up for a whole night in a pitcher of cold water, into which he had (as he thought, cunningly) conveyed himself with the hope that the saint would swallow him unawares.§ St. Anthony, in return for a very polite offer of his services, spit in his face, which hurt his feelings so much, that it was long before he ventured to appear in society again.|| And although in his many transactions with mankind he is constantly trying to secure some unfair advantage, a person of any talent, particularly if he has been bred a lawyer, is a match for him; and there are numerous cases in the books, in which his majesty attempting to apprehend the person of a debtor, has been unexpectedly defeated by an ingenious saving clause in the bond, which, like Shylock, he had overlooked, and non-suited in the ecclesiastical courts, where he commonly sues, with costs.¶ Finally, we infer from the Mora Trials, that his

* Lotichius, *Oratio super fatalibus hoc tempore Academicarum periculis*. Risteln. 1631. Lotichius took the trouble to compose a Latin poem on the subject of his triumphal entry.

† Angelini Gazae *Pia Hilaria* ex vit. St. Dunstani, c. 8.

‡ *Colloquia Mensalia*.

§ *Legenda Aurea* Jacob. de Voragine, leg. 123.

|| *Ibid* leg. 21.

¶ In the case of St. Lydvina, when he pleaded his case in person, and thought it a clear one, he was fairly laughed out of court, "deriso explosaque *Dumore*."—*Brugmann, vita Lydvine*, p. 290. He was hoxed in a still more ingenious manner by Nostradamus, who having agreed that the devil should have him, if he was buried either in the church or out of it, left directions that he should be buried in a hole in the wall.

general health must have suffered from the climate, for in 1669 he was extremely ill, in Sweden, and though he got over the attack for a time, by bleeding and an antiphlogistic regimen, the persons who were about him thought his constitution was breaking up, and that he was still in a dying way."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKESPEARE.

BILLINGSGATE.

DURING the reign of Ethelstan the Unready, there were ships from Normandy, &c. which brought wine. There were also fishing-boats which paid toll, and Blynesgate (Billingsgate) was the most noted quay of London.—*Leg. Ethels. Antiq. Portfolio*.

THE Persians had an annual festival called *vitiorum interitum*, wherein they slew all serpents and venomous creatures, and after that, until the revolution of the same day, suffered them to swarm again as fast as ever. W. G. C.

AN IRISH LANDSCAPE.

AN Irish officer, a thousand miles at sea in the Atlantic, observing three fine vessels right a-head of his own, called out to some friends who were pacing the quarter-deck, "my boys, what a landscape!"

THERE is an old custom in Scotland never to grant a light of fire to any one out of their houses, on the first day of the year.

"WHAT a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller!" "I should be happy, indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation!"

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